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CAN ZON 2.



HOXJGH be thou limned in these
 discoloured lines, (Delicious Model of
 my spirit's portrait!) Though be thou
 sable pencilled, these designs Shadow not
 beauty, but a sorrow's extract! When I
 emprised, though in my love's affections,
 The silver lustre of thy brow to unmask!
 Though hath my Muse hyperbolised
 trajections ; Yet stands it, aye, deficient to
 such task.

My slubb'ring pencil casts too gross a
 matter, Thy beauty's pure divinity to blaze ?
 For when my smoothed tongue hath sought
 to flatter, Thy Worth hath dearth'd his
 words, for thy true praise ! Then though my
 pencil glance here on thine eyes ; Sweet !
 think thy Fair, it doth but portionise !

C ANZ ON 3.



|HEN, from the tower whence I derive love's
 heaven, Mine eyes (quick pursuivants!) the
 sight attached Of Thee, all splendent! I, as out
 of sweaven, Myself 'gan rouse, like one from
 sleep awaked. Coveting eyes controlled my
 slowly gait, And wood Desire to wing my feet for
 flight; Yet unresolved, Fear did with eyes
 debate, And said, " 'Twas but tra[ns]lucence of
 the light! "

But when approached, where Thou thy stand
 didst take ' At gaze, I stood; like deer, when
 'ghast, he spies Some white in thick! Ah,
 then, the arrow strake Through mine heart'
 sent from thy tiller eyes.

Dead in thine aim, Thou seized what 'longed
 to thee ! Mine heart, ZEPHERIA! then, became
 thy fee!